

Dream January 1827
Night had established her sable dominion

Half over our globe the dark shadows were cast
Its influence extended to thousands & millions
Who forgot for a while both the present and past
Sleep pressed our weary eyelids its soft downy prison
I sought for repose in oblivious slumbers

At the dawning of the night I saw a sweet vision
I saw that the sunshine had near broke the ^{champs}
He thought that I stood on the banks of Ohio
Surprised at the change I look around around
I saw the tall beech the green water willow
And heard the wild notes of the warbling throng
The spires of Cincinnati were towering above me
The beautiful river meandered along
Newports proud Arsenal arose in perspective
Where oft I have heard the bugles shrill sound
Oh! I thought of thy wide spreading treasures
Thy luxuriant soil and salubrious clime
Thy fair science adorn the land & birds without measure
While the tails of the yemen enriches thy plains
Sweet stream of the west on thy bright waves I gazed
Thy current so strong yet so limpid and clear
When suddenly before me my daughter appeared
Her step was elastic and wild was her air
Half frantic with joy she exclaimed Oh my Mother
You are come are we met to sunder no more

Why ~~see~~ you alone Oh ^{where} is my brother
Oh soon I shall see him and trouble be over
Again will my father look cheerful and happy
Again will he smile on the wife of his choice
He will clasp his dear boy and ~~pride~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{glory}
We will hail the fair prospects with joy and
I pressed that dear girl to my bosom with ^{delight}
Thrice welcome those daughter and child of my heart
My children - a my comfort my riches my treasure
And grant Oh Kind Heaven that we ~~ever~~ ^{may} ~~more~~ ^{part}
In this City I dwelt eight years with thy father
In yon Mansion I taught thy first accents to ^{glow}
I then realized the pure joy of a Mother
Delights that had ceased in my bosom to glow
But I hail their return with rapture awakened
With ecstasy I gaze on thy promising form
No more will thy Mother forborn & forsaken
No more she'll regard life's pitiless storms
While yet I was viewing Ohio's blue waters
And pondering still on my favourite theme
While still I was clasping the hand of my daughter
I awoke and alas it was naught but a dream
Oh better far better had I slumbered forever

Epitaph

Noble bold and energetic
Ah too soon thy sun declined
Ponder thy merit on his merit
On your ^{and} imbecile minds
Loved and honored by the Nation
Carried by a race of braves
On his head they poured their venom
No foreign power his life could save
Brave in war wise in council
Undaunted in his Country's cause
His wisdoms soon shall art immortal
Nervous thy arm and just thy laws
Arise arise ye men of Gallia
Proud Austria still retains his son
Laid low no more to treacherous allies
To raise young Napoleon to the throne
Triumph over every Bourbon
England soon shall feel your power
banish priest and superstition
exile faction from your shores

To say that I respect the memory of
of Napoleon is but a faint expression of my
feelings on the subject. He possessed the soul
of an hero and bore his exile with dignity & firmness.

Farewell address by M S C

Fare well young man since go thou must
In search of wealth in foreign Climes
And wilt thou deign on Child's Coast

To think on those thou leav'st behind
Thy quiet peaceful tranquil home

Thy father and thy sisters dear
Oh where-so'er thou art doomed to roam

May thy best hopes still centre there
amidst the Ocean's boisterous roar

Still vice alternate to thy view
Thy own thy much loved native shore

The hour thou sigh'd a long adieu

And may it prove the unerring Star

That guides thee through the watery main

That buoys thy hopes when danger's near

And brings thee safely back again

Accept the wishes of the bard

May plenty crown thy arduous toil

May Ocean yield a rich reward

And fortune even on the smile

May heaven preserve thy morals pure

And may thy heart know no alloy

With rapture we will hail the hour

That brings us back our Sailor Boy

Address to Mary by Lord Byron

When I roved a young highlander o'er the dark heath
And climb'd the steep summit of moun^tain of snow
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below.

Untutored by science or stranger to fear
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew
No feeling save one to my bosom was dear
I need not say my sweet Mary it was centered in you
Yet it could not be love for I knew not the name
What passion can dwell in the heart of ^achild
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt when a boy on the crag covered wild.

One image alone on my bosom impress
I loved my bleak regions nor panted for new
Few were my wants for my wishes were blest
And pure were my thoughts for my soul, 'twas with you.
I awoke with the dawn with my dog as my guide
From mountain to mountain I bounded along
I breasted the billows of Dea's rushing tide
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song.
At eve on my heath covered couch of repose
No dreams save of Mary were brought to my view,
And warm to the skies my devotions arose
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home - my visions are fled,
The mountains are vanished my youth is no more
As the lot of my race I must suffer alone
And delight but in days I have witnessed before.

Oh splendour has raised but embittered my lot
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew
Though my hopes may have failed, they are not forgot
Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky
I think on the rocks that overshadowed Colleen
When I see the soft blue of a love speaking eye
I think on those eyes that endeared the rude scene.

When haply some light waving locks I behold
That faintly resembles my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty and you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow
But while these soar above me, unchanged as before
Will Mary be there to receive me - ah no.

Adieu then ye hills, where my childhood was bred
Thou sweet flowing Dee to thy waters adieu
No home in the forest shall shelter my head
Oh Mary, what home could be mine, but with you
written in haste by

Address to a Friend by Lord Byron.

O yes I will run we were dear to each other
The friendships of childhood though fleeting are true
The love which you felt was the love of a Brother
No less the affection I cherished for you.

But friendships can vary her gentle dominion
The attachment of years in a moment expires
Like love too, she moves on a swift waving pinion
But glows not like love with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wandered through Ida together
And blest were the scenes of our youth I allow
In the spring of our life how serene is the weather
But winters rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace
When pride steels the bosom the heart is unbending
And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However dear I fa I still must esteem you
The few whom I love I can never upbraid
The chance which is lost may in future restore you
Repentance will cancel the now you have made.

I will not comply though chilled is affection
With me no corroding resentment shall live
My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection
That both may be wrong and both should forgive.

You knew that my soul that my heart my existence
If danger demanded were wholly your own
You knew me unchanged by time or by distance -
I devoted to love and to friendship alone

You knew but away with the vain retrospection
The bond of affection no longer endures,
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection
And sigh for the friend that was formerly yours.

For the present we part I will hope not forever
For time and regret will restore you at last,
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour
To ask no atonement but days like the past.

On the Death of Werter

Whence are these groans that pierce the midnight air
Those shrieks that rend yon high and stately dome
Say can the loss of beauty's heavenly fair
Bid the pale lover leave his earthly home.

Why thro' the sorrow boding gloom of night
Hear we death's engine's melancholy sound,
Why sinks pale Charlotte victim of affright
And falls a lifeless lump upon the ground.

No ray of hope to light them on their way
No gleam of happiness in years to come
To the tired traveller views the close of day,
Far from the wife and children and his home.

Her hand she gave while her estranged heart
Lodg'd in her Werter's gentle constant breast
But plighted vows and honour bade them part
Each of their sex the noblest and the best.

Beneath yew trees shade pale Werter lies
Dishonest wounds his death untimely tell
If mercy for such failings Heaven denies
His only crime was having loved too well.

Bold and aspiring is the man that dares
Pluck from the Heaven the avenging rod
Werter's misfortune and his Charlotte's prayers
May meet compassion at the hand of God.

The Stranger in Albion.

There came to our shores a fair innocent stranger
The star of the morning less brilliant appears,
Triumphant she came unsuspecting of danger
Her hope of the future was tarnished by tears.

On the bloom of her cheek its soft beauty adorning
Hung a tear to her dear native country
Less sweet gem'd with dew seems the rose of the morning
Like that too, unable rude tempests to brave.

She came in the gay gilded galley of pleasure
Love pointed to rapture Hope guided the helm
And ah! then who could tell that despair without measure
The innocent stranger should swiftly o'erwhelm.

Stanzas written by Miss Robinson and addressed to Frederick
Duke of York.

Bounding billows cease your motion
Bear me not so swiftly o'er
Cease your roaring foamy ocean
I will tempt thy rage no more.

Alas within my bosom beating
Whirling passions wildly reign
Love with proud resentment meeting
Throbs by turns with joy and pain
Joy that far from foes I wander
Where then talents can reach no more,
Pain that woman's heart grows sonder
When her dreams of bliss are o'er.

Love by fickle fancy banished
Spurn'd by hope indignant flies
But when love and hope are banished
Restless memory never dies.

Far I go where fate shall lead me
Far across the troubled deep
Where no stranger's tears shall lead me
Where no eye for me shall weep.

Proud has been my fatal passion
Proud my injured heart shall be
While each thought each inclination
Still shall prove me worthy thee

Not one sigh shall tell my story
Not one tear my cheek shall stain
Silent grief shall be my glory
Grief that stops not to complain

Let the bosom prone to resigning
Still by resigning seek a cure
Shine disdain the thought of changing
Proudly disdain to endure

Yet ere I go from all my treasure
Friederick ere I bid adieu
Ere my days of pain are measured
Take the song that's still thy due.

Yet think not a servile passion
Seeks to charm thy vagrant mind
Well I know thy inclination
Varying as the passing wind.

I have loved thee dearly loved thee
Through an age of woful woe
How ungrateful I have proved thee
Let my mournfull exile shew.

Ten long years of anxious sorrow
Year by year I've counted o'er
Looking forward till I'm married
Every day I loved thee more.

Power nor splendour could not charm me
I no joy in wealth could see
Nor could fear or thought alarm me
Save the fear of losing thee

When the storms of fortune pressed thee
I have wept to see thee weep
When relentless care distressed thee
I have lulled those cares to sleep.

When with thee what ill could harm thee
Thou couldst every pang assuage
But when absent nought could charm me
Every moment seemed an age
Fare thee well inconstant rover
Welcome Gallia's hostile shore
Now the breezes waft me over
Now we part to meet no more end

Adieu sweet girl a last farewell
We part to meet no more
Adieu to peace, to home, to you
And to my native shore.

I go to If had propitious smiled
Glorious love would make me blest
But she like me is sorrow's child
By sadness dire oppress.

I go to India's sultry clime
Ah! never to return
Beneath some lone embowering tree
I shall be thy Soldier's urn

No kindred spirit there shall weep
Nor pensive mourner stay
My image thou alone wilt keep
To aid griefs soft tribute pay

Twilight

The sun had already sunk behind the mountains whose undulating forms were thrown into dark shadows against the crimson sky. The thin crescent of the new moon floated over the western hills, whose deep woods glow'd with the rosy glories of twilight. Over the peak of a purple mountain glitter'd the solitary star of evening. The voice of the birds was still; the breeze, which had refresh'd them during the day, died away, as if its office was now completed: and none of the dark sounds and sights of night yet dar'd, to triumph over the death of day. What ^{heart} has not acknowledged the influence of the hour — the sweet and soothing hour of twilight! when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not lov'd more dearly — when we remember'd our enemies only to forgive them!

Tecumseh

Aloft on his courser, his plumes waving high
Rage brightning, each feature, flung lightning ^{his} eyes,
Tecumseh came dashing o'er the blood crimsoned field,
Determined to conquer — with life but to yield.

When the voice of a foeman thus rung on his ear,
"Tecumseh! Tecumseh! thy hour draweth near!
You high rolling planet, mild beaming so bright
If you will no more shew the rays of his light,
In fates dreaded ballance your crimes have been weigh'd,
And to day you're consigned to futurity's shade.
Columbia's war horses, shall prance, and shall neigh,
On the plains where your bones will soon beachen lay,
O brave warrior! no more shall the war whooping sound
Like your chieftains and warriors encircle you round.

No more will your yelling, your countrymen rouse,
On the ranks of your foeman courageous to charge,
No more will your hand cause the infant to bleed,
No more to the charge will you spur your trained steed,
No more on the blast will be wafted your yell,
No more to our faces, our scalps will you sell
At midnight, no more you'll your war hatchet steep
In the blood of the brave, as unconscious they sleep;
The star of your glory is now near its fall
Your race is run out, "Death hath woven your pall!"
Hark! now you are summoned - you fall - yes, 'tis o'er!
The voice instant ceased, and Tecumseh's no more.

The following Elegy is the production of a young gentleman
by the name of Ray who is now a private Marine on
board the United States squadron in the Mediterranean
and to which humble and unpropitious station his misfor-
tunes have driven him. Mr Phillard is the subject of the
present Elegy was an American seaman who lately died in
prison in Tripoli.

Phillard of painful life bereft
Is now a slave no more
But here no relative is left
To grieve to deplore.

No parents no fond brother stands,
Around his clay cold bed,
No wife, with tender trembling hand,
Supports his dying head - none over

His sister follows or attends
This melancholy tier
Not from a lovers eye descends,
The soft distilling tear.
But foes, and of a laborious kind
Surround him as he dies
To hush to his fainting mind
And to his closing eyes.

What tho no monumental stone
Bespeaks a guilty name
By splendid trophies basely won
Condemned to eternal fame.

Yet if an honest heart he wore
If virtue's path he trod
O he was (as poets sung of yore,)
The noblest work of God.

His fellow prisoners strove to cheer,
His sad departing soul
And bade the sympathetic tear,
In free profusion roll

Mourn not thoas Heaven is alive behest
And merciful decree
That gave his weary sorrows rest
And set the captive free.

continued from page 19th. come forward and take the book
whom she instantly knew, to be the man she came to prosecute
she then heard his name called, and at a suitable time (as had
been agreed upon) she let the judges know the man was in court
and sworn on the jury, and gave them his name. The judges immedi-
ately adjourned the court, and sent the high sheriff for this jurym^{an}
to meet them immediately at their lodgings, they soon arrived
and on sitting one of the judges said to the woman, Madam be so
good as to relate the matter before this gentleman you told me last
night, with in Dublin Castle. She then began (looking the man full
in the face) My Lords. When I was about eleven years of age, in the latter
end of the year 1641. I saw that man, now before me and your Lord-
ship throw 7 little children in the river Lwer with a pike which he
thrust through them, and I escaped by running away, while she was
speaking he turned pale and trembled exceedingly, but when she
came to relate her having felt the pressure for more than twelve
months which she believed to be from Divine requiring, to come
Ireland and endeavour to bring him to justice for these murders
he appeared quite overcome confessed his guilt and the truth of all
she assented, the judges there upon sent for the grand jury and on
her information bills of indictment were found against him, he was
tried, found guilty, and executed at Clonmell. She speedily returned
to her husband and children, and lived many years in great hap-
piness with them - fully restored to her former health, in
peace and quietness of mind

Slave to no sect take no private road
But look through nature, up to nature God.

To the Ocean

How calm thy vast profound oh! briny ocean,
O'er thy dread surface silence creeps serene,
No wind, impetuous and no rude commotion
Bursts on the stillness of the peaceful scene.

Warned by the shades in dusky forms extending
All nature smiling yields to balmy rest,
Faint, beams the orb of light and slow descending
In blushing glory slumbers on thy breast.

Save when along thy wide expansion gliding
The wandering sea bird screams her parting lay
Save when from yonder vessel gently riding
Soft swells the anthem to expiring day.

Oh dread abyss how source of awful wonder
Whether I view thee when the tempest roars
When on thee rolls the sudden peals of thunder
And loudly beating on thy echoing shores.

Whether I view thee when at eve retiring
Down to the sandy beach, my footsteps roam
When gentle zephyrs on thy bosom sporting
Kiss thy soft billows tip'd with curling foam.

Alike I feel the secret glow of pleasure
Thy varied scenes emotions sweet impart,
Thy boundless track, unfolds an endless treasure
Exalts the soul or melts the ravished heart.

Perched on these rocks whose solid base defying,
Frowns on thy waves and mocks thy raging source
Here will I watch the drowsy night birds flying
And trace the progress of thy rapid course

My Kingdom is not of this ^{world}

No counsellors reverend and wise
May one so humble you advise
In pure religion's cause
Then from our text at once may learn
It leans not on the civil arm
Nor rests on human laws.

The gospels of God's grace and love
Flows like a river from above
In wisdom's current free
Mark well no human laws we know
Ere taught the rivers where to flow
Or how to find the Sea.

Religion like the sun's broad light
Dispels our darkness and our night
And give celestial day
Can human laws control the sun
Direct the golden orb to run
Where Legislators say.

Sabbath Day Dec 17th Visconset. Last eve Father, Mother, Aunt & myself were
sitting comfortably by our cheerful fire side, when Mother took her pipe and
came in to take a social whiff. When Lo! the sound of a carriage was heard.

As rain and snow from Heaven fall
A blessing sure to great and small
So is Gods faithful word
Can Legislators form one shower
And through skies extend it power
The thought is most absurd.

Like dew that falls from Heaven by night
Invisible to mortals sight
Religion comes to man
When Legislators make the dew
And every night can it renew
They'll help the gospel plan.

As free as air or wind that blows
Whose destination no one knows
Are souls born from above
Can Legislators change the wind
Then may their laws convert the mind
And fill the soul with love.

To Zion the sweet prophet said
As many youth pure virgins wed
Thy sons shall marry thee
Must then as man by laws be drove
To marry one he cannot love
Sure this would bondage be

Those who in Christ salvation find
Receive him a Physician kind
Their sickness all to heal
Must then coercive laws compel
The sick to find the healing skill
And love of health to feel.

Ye reverend priest how oft you've said
That Jesus is the living bread
For men to eat and live
Must then the force of laws control
No fainting hungry starving soul
To eat the bread you give.

But if you preach what cost you dear
And you must have so much a year
For what no man can eat
When law religion may be wise
Supporting priestcraft in disguise
But O the dreadful cheat.

I have ruled for one verse too much but I will fill
the lines with something readable.

This evening Mrs W Gardner and myself spent at
Marshallkins. we had a very comfortable visit. Dec 26th.
Sabbath day. Yesterday Mr M Hussey & wife come up and
spent the day with us. We do not expect any company to
day, as the weather is quite thick and foggy. Liasconselt
we came up the 26th of November Dec 10th 1826

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Tiptoe stands the anxious lover whispering forth a gentle sigh
Allah keep thee lovely lady tell me am I doomed to die
Is it true the dreadful story that thy damsels tell my page
That seduced by sordid riches thou must sell thy bloom for aye
An old Lord from antiquary thy stern father brings along
Canst thou then inconstant Lada thus consent my love to wrong
If its true then plainly tell me nor thus trifle with my woes
Hide not then the fatal secret which the world so plainly knows
Duly sighed the conscious maiden and the pearly ^{tears} ~~tears~~ descend
Ah my love too true the story here our tender loves must end
Our fond friendship is discovered well are known our mutual ^{love}
All my friends are full of fury storms and passions shake the ^{house}
Threats approaches fears surround me my stern father breaks my heart
Allah knows how dear it cost me generous youth from thee to part
Well thou knows how dear I love thee in spite of all their hateful pride
Yet I fear my haughty father never would let me be thy bride
Didst thou know the cruel chidings of I from my Mother bore
What I've suffered here to meet thee late at eve and early morn.
But no longer can I bear them all to forge my Land combine
And tomorrow to thy rival this weak frame I must resign
But think not thy constant Lada can survive so great a wrong
As my breaking heart assures me that my woes will not be long
Farewell then my dear Alcanza farewell to my life and thee
Take this scarf a parting token when thou wears it think of me
Some loved youth some worthier lady shall reward thy generous trust
Sometimes tell her how thy Lada died for thee in bloom of youth.

Canst thou wilt show yield thus to them, oh turn to forth and fly to ^{me}
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee these fond arms shall shelter ^{thee}
Tis in vain in vain Alas! alas! spies surround me bars secure ^{the door}
Scarce I steal these last dear moments while my darts keep
Ghark I hear my father, storming bark I hear my mother chide.
I must go farewell forever, gracious Allah be thy guide
there are two more verses that I do not know here is the first
and last

Answer to Lord Byron's address to his Wife written
by herself.

Now each tie of love is broken
Now is every feeling pain'd
Now thy last adieu is spoken
Now my cup of woe is drain'd.

Fare thee well I can repeat too
Fare thee well as kindly say
If those lines should chance to meet thee
Spurn them not like me away.
By thy wife in anguish written
Read them o'er and learn their grief
Left by thee and sorrow smitten
Where from whom to find relief
Faithless Lord inconstant lover
Of my heart but too secure
Believe me thus to be pass'd over
Whom no weakness can't endure.

O had I follies without number
'Twas too much to bid thy wife
On that bosom cease to slumber
Where she hoped to rest for life.

Yes the love which first inspired you
From your bosom must have fled
Nae, than madness must have fired you
Thus to fly our bridal bed.

Still I clasp the babe I bore you
She my solace you my charm
Shall I learn her to adore you
Shall I bid her lip your name.

No my duty is to teach her
Whence my secret sorrows flow
No my task is to beseech her
In thy presence n'er to go.

She a Father's fond caressing
Orphan like can never know
If she need a Father's blessing
Who will now that boon bestow.

When on Adria's shores you wander
Or in drear Albania roam
There unvisited you'll sometimes ponder
On your wife and child at home.

From the mind these thoughts can't perish
And for her you vowed to cherish
Still you'll fetch the deep drawn sigh.
~~And~~ From ourselves we cannot fly.

There again no passions curling
Love we knew best pleasing there
N'er may I in dreams disturbing
Make you start or think me near.

Left a mark to mockers finger
I withdraw from gazing eye
Like a rose in shade to linger
Bloom, unseen, droop, wither die.

For thy faults let others chide thee
All thy madness I deplore
Still may every good betide thee
Though on earth we meet no more.

Yours entreaties now prevail not
Yet no hates my bosom swell
Sighs and tears alas avail not
Oh forever fare thee well.

Lines supposed to be written by Lord Byron's
daughter, and addressed to her Mother.

He is gone he is gone the stern mandate is given
That destines a heart, that adores you to woe
And wouldst thou every feeling by a going river
Bid his sad sighs still heave and his tears ever flow

Oh remember my Mother those bright days of pleasure
When Cupid with roses entwined hymens chains
When his smiles were your bribes and his love was your treasure
And bid hopes magic pencil revive them again
Remember the hour when his joy and his sorrow
You vowed should be yours at the altar of God
And let not the heart from whence peace he should borrow
Bruise the penitents soul with the chastisers rod.

If he sinned through the vortex of wild passions driven
Should his wife be the foremost scorn's finger to rear
Ah, no! she points the last path out to Heaven
And the record efface by her pitying tear.

From his home from his friends from his country flying
From you dearer than all doomed forever to part
A prey that scorpion worm which undying
Winds in circles of fire round the sinner's torn heart.

Alas were his error more deep than his anguish
Would not through her father your innocent child
Can pleasure enchant me when torn brokenhearted
The hour of my birth marks his grief and his crime.

Can my youthful hopes blossom when his are departed
No his shame and his sorrow alike must be mine
By the voice which condemns him my joys must be blighted
By the tear which forgives him my life must be blessed.

Then recall to my Mother the peace that affrighted
Has fled and restore him once more to your breast.
This is all that is written in Aunt Maria's book. I think there
ought to have been two lines more as it ends rather abruptly.

not rattling over the pavement, but swiftly bounding over the green sward
which surrounds our humble dwelling. We quickly repaired to the
door, our hearts dilated with joy, to welcome our visitors. Which were
Uncle David & Aunt Maria, William Movers & his wife. After the customary
salutations were passed, William played some beautiful tunes upon
his flute, which heightened the pleasure, we enjoyed in their society.
After spending two hours with us and regaling themselves with a
comfortable repast, which consisted of Borden's "Fish from the wave"
they took leave of us, and returned to town.

*An exile he wanders his fond hopes are blasted
Corroded by care and a stranger to rest

The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet
Oh the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed over the scene
Her purest of chrystat and brightest of green
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill
Oh no it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom was near
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts like thy waters be mingled in peace.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretches aid
Some banished lover or some captive maid
They live they speak they breathe what love inspires
Warm from the soul and faithful to its fires
The virgin wish without her fears impart
Excuse the blush and pour out all the heart
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole h Pope

The following lines were composed on the failure of J. B. M.
in paying his debts a circumstance which was attended with
the most aggravating consequences. It appeared that he had tried
to get all the property into his possession that he could and
aided with a dark night and remarkable long pair
of legs made his escape from his creditors.

Farewell my dear babes your Father must leave you
While round my fond heart you are closely entwined
New York must protect me from Loring and justice
The dark and detested tho' foul deeds of mine.

The moment has come I must quit the dark mansion
While the darkness of night shall aid my escape
I shall fail to excite one tear of compassion
While with fear and with guilt and with cold I shall quake

It will not be convenient nor become to my credit
To hold my deuces in a debtors dark cell
Therefore ^{will} I flee where the law will protect me
Where my colleagues inform me that all will be well

My Father was honest was brave unassuming
My Mother was all he could wish in a wife
While their base offspring have been too presuming
Have blasted my honour my fame in this life.

The widows and orphans will hate ^{and} will curse me
And wish young Humphrey had never been born
I've deprived them of hundreds I've emptied their purses
And now I must run to avoid the dread storm

The authoress regrets that those lines have been so
much altered from the original she has attempted something
like a correction see

Minerva
~~Plutus~~ has never bestowed on me a faror
To the heights of Parnassus I never aspired
In Plutus dominions I've grovelled at pleasure
For riches alone hath been my desire.

Others have planned while I executed
And dismal and dark are the deeds I have done
Our Island ~~corrupted~~ ^{corrupted} our Banks ~~they~~ ^{they} have tottered
Remorse and repentance must follow such wrongs

I now bid adieu to the land of my Fathers
No more I'll pollute my own native Isle
From dangers from justice from prison from horror
I rid from your presence a monster so vile.
I hasten to bid you of a monster so vile.

The War Whoop

Hark! Hark the sound of war is heard
And we must all attend
Take up our arms and go with speed
Our country to defend.

Our British friends have turned our foes
That fills our land with pain
There gallant Ships manned out for war
Come thundering o'er the main.

There's Cockburn Brook and Warren too
And fifty thousand more
They have crossed the main but all in vain
Our rights well never give o'er.

This pleasant land they do invade
Our property devour
And all because we wont submit
To their despotic power.

Our property we will defend
Our rights we'll ne'er resign
They shan't be sold for glittering gold
Nor heaps of Spanish coin.

Our Fathers gave them to their sons
And they again to theirs
So we'll convey them safely down
To their respective heirs.

Come let us go against our foe
We had better die than yield
We and our sons are all undone
If Britons gain the field.

May Heaven guard us in the field
And keep us safely there

We pray for the Lord to be our shield

The authors Where thundering cannons roar.

much altered Dec 11th this morning Father came up
like a cannon from town and informed us the Peruvian
had 900 lbs in June.

Come let us draw the glittering sword
And lay the scabbard by
Let us go forth with one accord
The fate of war to try.

Now in our great Jehovah's name
And under his command
Let us go forth with one accord
When they invade the land.

Awake! Awake Americans
Weapons of war prepare
For Liberty will fight or die
Our parents bought so dear.

Husbands must leave their loving wives
And sprightly youths attend
Leave their sweet hearts and risk their lives
Our country to defend.

But for a while we leave our friends
Our absence to bemoan
Our cruel foe we will overthrow
And joyfully return.

Dec 16th this morning I received a letter from G. B. which
Liasconset was dated W. O. A. H. O. April 26th
last night which was the 16th. Father received a letter of the
same date, and tenour.

Laurence the Brave

The streamers were waving, the canvass was spreading
The banner of war floated high in the air
The gale on its pinions to combat was speeding
The chief of Columbia, her glory in war.

Undaunted he stood as the billows did, roll
Round the bark which he guided through oceans blue wave
His helmet was honour and fame, nerved his soul
To gather a prize worthy Lawrence the Brave.

Columbia's bright genius around her still hovering
To shield her loved son, mid the carnage below,
But late, from the impulse of valour recovering
Seized a javelin of death and directed the blow.

Oh now for the sigh, for the kindred that bleed
That watered the laurel that blooms o'er his grave
Then ceased and in anguish she silently shed
The tear drop of sorrow for Lawrence the Brave.

Alas she exclaimed is my hero descended
From glory's meridian that summit of fame
Shall he who while dying his country defended
Like his form be forgotten, forgotten his name.

Oh sad was the hour when she viewed from on high
The cros of proud Albion triumphantly wave
And bitter the moment she viewed with a sigh
On the deck pale and lifeless laid Lawrence the Brave.

Emblem of Love

O say can the mor'n's early gale
Wipe us from the arms of my home
O say have I still to bewail
Misfortune has forced me to roam

With care have I tasted life's charms
In the bosom of friendship and love
But ah! I am forced from your arms
The wide troubled ocean to rove.

O say must I end these fond hours
Does misfortune its griefs overflow
Are they drowned in sympathy's showers
Ah yes! I must bid them adieu.

The day it now dawns in the east
O'er the landscape its twilight I view
The breeze gently blows from the west
But it huzzes to bear me from you.

The sun spreads his lucid array
While the tune it is sung I leave
The anchor's hove short and away
I'm hurried to bid you adieu.

Then while I by tempest's arm tost
In storms while reflecting on you
One thought may it dwell in your breast
For the one that now bids you adieu

Adieu to Columbia's proud fields
Adieu to the daughters she bore
Adieu to her sons that ne'er yield
Adieu to humanity's shore

The canvass is spread to the breeze
The signal is waving in full
I'm hurried away to the seas
So emblem of love fare thee well. and

The Whaling Song.

Come all ye jovial Whalemen, that leave your native home
O'er raging seas and stormy winds through distant climes do ^{scam}
Your echoing voices join with us to cheer us on our way,
Our Ship is full and homeward bound to sweet America,
While you upon the driving sea your toilsome voyage pursue
We'll spread our canvass to the gale and bid you all adieu
Our swelling sails do catch the breeze our ship she gathers way
To bear us to that pleasant place called sweet America

For seven and twenty tedious months we've plough'd the ocean ^{through}
From north to south we've scour'd the coast of Chili and Peru
At length the happy days arrived no longer we'll delay
Our ship she is full and homeward bound to sweet America.

When sailing with a pleasant breeze upon the restless sea
We'll sing our songs and smoke our pipes so carelessly and free
When thundering tempest rend the air and storms prolong our ^{stay}
Then shall our cheering motto be we are bound to America.

When into Edgartown harbour our gallant ship we'll steer
And every heart with gladness burns to think of home so near
Each night around our flowing can all care aside we'll lay
And toast to every blooming lass in sweet America.

Then when we are safely landed upon our native shore
We'll bid adieu to trouble past and think on them no more
We'll range among the pretty girls each night and happy day
And join in love and liberty in sweet America.

Light Readings

Liasconset Dec 21st I am in hopes the weather will be pleasant
tomorrow, and that there will be some arrival from town. There
has been no news from there since second day. First day I wrote
a letter to go in the Frances of New Bedford, Mrs Perkins has moved
to town this day. The boats have been off twice to day. The wind
has blown very fresh since 4 o'clock, and rains hard. I wish every
one was as comfortable as our little family is in this storm. Mother
made a purchase this morning of two $\text{\$}6$'s and one $\text{\$}6$ we calculate
to have a pie made of them. Last night Aunt Sarah and I went
up to Mrs Perkins's for milk, she could not help admiring the
workmanship of our vessels. One had a gallon earthen pitcher the
other a tin quart cup, owing to accidents which happened to our
smaller pitchers. It is quite what we got in one of them.

The Stranger Bride

Why walk I by the lonely strand
He comes not with the tide
His home is in a distant land
The stranger is his bride.
The stranger on whose lofty brow
The circling diamonds shine
Is now his love, whose earliest vow
And pledge of hope were mine.

2
They tell me that my cheek is pale
That youth's gay smile is gone
That having thus the ocean gale
Has chilled my heart to stone
And friendship asks what secret care
There is to work me woe
But vainly seeks a grief to share
Which none shall ever know.

Ye waves that heard the false one swear
But saw him not return
Ye'll not betray me if a tear
Should start in spite of scorn.

Yet no wounded spirit's pride
Though passion's pangs are deep
Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside
From eyes that must not weep.

Sunday eve. Uncle David & Aunt Maria have been gone about an hour. They arrived at the door just in time to partake of a biddy pie, which we were taking up for dinner. They informed us the Aurora was in. Day before yesterday father & I received a letter from George. Dec 24th

In vain alas! I have no power
To quit this lonely strand
From whence at the wild parting hour
I saw him leave the land.
Though he has taken a stranger bride
My love cannot depart
Its seal - too strong for woman's pride
Will be a broken heart.

Wreaths for the Chieftains

Wreaths for the chieftains we honour, who planted
The olive of peace in the land that he gained
True men his praise, 'neath his shelter, enchanted
Secure in its branches the ring dove remained.

War blasts have shattered it
Rude hands have scattered it
Flown is the nestler that tenanted there
Long from a pelting storm
None sought its blighted form
Save the lone raven that screamed in despair.

Hosanna's the high vault of Heaven ascending
Hallow the day when our chieftain was born
The olive he planted revives and is blending
Its leaves with the laurel that blooms o'er his urn.

We'll may the sacred tree
Shorn of its verdure be.

We'll may the blast that have shattered it blow
Heaven send it happy dew
Earth lend its sap anew
Gaily to flourish and proudly to grow.

Sunk be the blaze of the bale-fire forever
Whushed be the trump that have slumbered in years
Scraph's sound peacocks his praise to the giver
Peace hath illumined a nation in tears.

May she in triumph reign
Over our land again

Perer, may the fair floating banner be furled
Still be the orphans moans
Silent the widows groans
Lost for a time in the joys of the world.

Ode sung at a dinner, given, the

Independent Boston Fusilliers.

June 22nd 1820. "June 4th 1775" ^{earnings} threats to the chief

Guardians of freedom and justice and virtue
Citizen Soldiers of liberty's soil
Victory's pledge a Columbian presents you
Guard it from insult and shield it from spoil.

Should the shrill battle cry
Ring through your native sky
Then to this standard undaunted repair

Where every shot may tell
Let the foe mark it well
Bid him behold it behold and despair.

Hail Massachusetts, America's favorite
Long may her blessing remain on your head
Cursed be the wretch that would plunder his birthright
And famished the knave that would sell it for bread.

Strong be your warriors bow
Nev may he miss your foe
Sure winged his darts, as the arrows of fate

Praised be the generous hearts
Cherished the liberal arts
Pillars and wreaths in the temple of state

Liberty long ere you have fathered, wooed her
Reared a poor wanderer oppressed by despair
Washington sought her, successful pursued her
On you he bestowed her, protect her with care
Never be her blooming charms
Clasped in a traitor's arms.

Long may she bless our American shore
When she departs the world
Still be the flag unfurled
When she expires, may time be no more.

Strong be the links in the chain of the union
Dearest may we Washington's precepts forsake
Long may we dwell in this blessed communion break
And scorned be the slave, who the compact would
Pay to the commonwealth
Then to our chieftain's health
And to our newly crown'd sister of Maine
Here's to the stripes and stars
Never may our gallant tars
Fail to the mast the striped bunting in vain.

End

Liasconset Dec 26th This evening, we four and no more
set down to amuse ourselves, with our different occupations.
We heard this morning that Uriah Swain's son was dead.
Swains very hard and seems quite lonesome. I am in hopes
it will be a good day tomorrow that the boats will go off and
we shall have some choulder for I am longing for some
ends 27th It has rain'd all night and this morn-
ing, Mother come to the door, before we were up to
call us to go out to the Bank and see the surf. We soon
arose, and went out - and Lo and behold! The surf was
up to the foot of the bank. and the seas run moun-
tains high. Jan 1st 1862 we heard this afternoon
that M. L. had broke his arm

The Sailors Adieu (original) June Sailor Boy the sea was calm &c
Farewell, farewell Eliza dear ² Angelic girl, then why those tears
Our sails are loosed our yards are mauld Why is that thrilling bosom pain'd
I must, not, cannot, linger here It's only two revolving years,
The best boat waits near yonder strand. And thou wilt see my face again.
³ Recall to mind the joyful hour ⁴ If still ambition fires thy mind
When first the news to thee was brought Forget the dangers of the sea
That William cloth'd with trust and power, Preserves thy vow, and thou wilt find
Would take command of yonder bark. That faithful to my trust I'll be.
⁵ I'll brave the dangers of the sea ⁶ By thy divine, thy radiant charms
Attack those monsters of the deep Thy love shall be the leading star
And quick return to love and thee That guides me safely to thy arms
To lay my treasure at thy feet. For by the honour of a tar's first line
⁷ Thy looks, thy music, and thy pen ⁸ Thy presence is required on board
Will chase away intruding care Already Sol has ceased to shine
Thy firm thy energetic mind I go, and oh! may Heaven guard
Will buoy thy hopes beyond despair. My beautiful girl though fleeting time
L L

There is a rose without a thorn
With that my friend thy brow adorn,
Religion is that thornless rose
Through endless ages, fresh it blows;

Stanzas

Black night over the concave is spread

Gleaze winds through the forest trees roar
Far echoes the sound of my tread,
And the sea rolls its turf on the shore.

Haill scene of terrific dismay

Thy horrors compare with my own
As fill'd with deep anguish I stray,
As bursts from my bosom the groan.

Once knew the pleasures of peace,

And innocence dwell in my heart
Fair friendships gave rapture to ease
And love could its transport impart.

What ecstasy dwell in my soul

When my Julia with happiness smiled
What joys thro' my bosom oft stole
When her tear soft compassion beguiled.

But hark! on the crags of the rock

Swift destruction, what shattered ship see,
How its timbers are torn with the shock
How the agoniz'd passenger shrieks.

Compared with my anguish how faint

Are the horrors that fill him with care

His fancy destruction may paint

But he knows not the woes of despair (turnover)

What waves on the vessel are driven

How the surf throws its foam on the deck

What thunders roll dreadful through heaven,

What lightnings illumine the deck.

But soft — as the storm dies away

The beams of the morning appear

Hope to him, may a promise display

But my bosom she never can cheer

The Tomb Stone May 19th 1824

On the banks of the Ganges, a tomb stone is raised

That the stranger oft pauses to read,

And think on the maiden whose beauty he praised

Whose bloom now decays, with the dead.

With the spouse of her love on the wild ocean way,

She came from Scotland afar

And passed from the earth at the dawning of day

The rays of a bright beaming star.

The story shall go to her dear native vale

And her parents now desolate cot

And turn all their accents to sorrow and wail

When they think on the days that are not.

And often in dreams they'll start from their sleep

To think on the child that is gone

And the Husband that long o'er her ashes shall weep

With an anguish as deep as their own fond

Childhood

Pictured in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet,
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
Dream in fancy in each cherished scene
The village churchyard and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the green wood glade
The mossy seats beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white washed cottage where the woodbine grew,
And all the favorite haunts our childhood knew,
How sweet while all the evil shuns the gaze
To view the unclouded skies of former days.
Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
So soon when each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles
When the gay heart to life's sweet day spring breeze
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue,
Blest Childhood! ^{hail} Thee simply will I sing
And from myself the artless picture bring.
These long lost scenes to me the past restore
Each humble friend each pleasure now no more.
And every stump familiar to my sight,
Reals some new idea of delight
This shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat
Where did I love at evening to retreat
And muse alone till in the vault of night,
Vesper aspiring, shew'd his golden light
Here once again remote from human noise

I sit me down to think of former joys.

Passe on each scene, each treasured scene once more
And once again, each infant walk explore.

While as each grove and lawn I recognize

My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

And oh! thou power, whose myriad trains resort,
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought,

Whose mirror held unto the mourner's eye

Flings to his soul a borrowed gleam of joy.

Blest memory guide with ^{finger} (pencil) nicely true

Back to my youth my retrospective view.

Recal with faithful vigour to my mind

Each face familiar, each relation kind,

And all the finer traits of them afford

Whose general outline in my heart is stored.

In yonder cot along whose mouldering walls

In many a fold the mantling weedbine falls,

The village matron kept her little school

Gentle of heart yet knowing well to rule.

Staid was the dame and modest was her mien

Her garb was coarse, yet whole and nicely clean

Her neatly bordered cap: as lilly fair,

Beneath her chin was pinned with decent care,

And pendant ruffles of the whitest lawn

Of ancient make her elbows did adorn

Faint with old age and dim were grown her eyes

A pair of spectacles their want supplies.

These does she guard secure in leathern case

From thoughtless nights in some unweeded place.
Here first I entered tho' will toil and pain,
The low vestibule of learnings fame.
Entered with pain yet soon I found the way,
Tho' sometimes tedious, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Lure I thought the same tho' oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed
And oft when harshly she reproved I wept
To my lone corner broken hearted crept,
And thought of tender home where anger never kept.
But soon enured to alphabetic trials
Alert I met the dame with secure smiles;
First at the form, my task was ever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew,
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight
Held me a pattern to the dunces sight,
And as she gave my diligence its praise
Talked of the honours of my future days;
Oh had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought,
Could she have seen me when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wished my wayward fate
Had been one lowlier and unlettered state.
Wished that remote from worldly woes and strife

Unknown, unheard, I might have passed through life.
Where in the busy scene by peace unblessed
Shall the poor wand'rer find a place of rest,
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope the shores of peace to gain.
Long tost by tempests o'er the world's wide shore
When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of ~~the~~ sea shall lave
His sandy surface o'er his untimely grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn from life's alarms
Serenest season of perpetual calms
Turn with delight and bid the passions cease
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime (~~begettes~~) defiles
But each new object brings attendant smiles
When future evils never haunt the sight
But all is pregnant with unmixed delight
To thee I turn from roil and from noise
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.
Beach yonder elm, that stands upon the moor
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er
What clamorous throngs what happy groups were seen
In various postures scattered o'er the green
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self made stey, or join the emulous race
While others seated on the dappled grass
With doleful tales the light winged minutes pass,
Well I remember how with gesture storched

A band of soldiers off with pride we marched
For banners & tall ash we did bind

Our kerchiefs flapping to the whistling wind
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed.

There in uncouth array our feats to crown
We storned some ruined pig sty for a town.

Plas'd with our gay the dame was wont
To set her wheel before her cottage front.

And o'er her spectacles would often peer
To view our gambols and our boyish gear
Lest as she looked her wheel kept turning round
With its beloved monotony of sound.

When tired with play we'd sit us by her side
(For out of school she never knew to chide)

And wonder at her skill well known to fame
For who could match in spinning with the dame
Her sheets her linen which she shewed with pride
To strangers, still her thriftiness testified.

Through we poor wights did wonder much in troth

How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth
Oft could we leave the well beloved, our play

To chat at home the vacant hour away.

Many's the time I've scampered down the glade

To ask the promised ditty from the maid

Which well she knew as well she loved to sing

While we around her formed a little ring.

The told of innocence foredoomed to bleed
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deeds
On little children murdered as they slept
While as each pause we wrung our hands and wept
Sad was such tale and wonder much did we
Such hearts of stone, there in this world could be.
Poor simple wights ah little did we see
The ill that wait on man in life's sad scene
Ah! ^{child} thought that we ourselves should know
This world is a world of weeping and of woe.
Beloved moments! then twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought.
Then first I shed bold fancy's thrilling tear
Then first the piny charmed my infant ear
Soon stored with much of legendary lore
The sports of childhood charmed my soul no more
Far from turbulent and empty joys
Far from the scene of gaiety and noise
I hid me to the thick overarching shade
And there on mossy (fountains) carpets listless laid
While at my feet the rippling runnell ran
The days of wide romance antique I'd scan
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air
To realms of light and pierce the ravine there. end

May 20th J. & I and I have made a call at

Uncle P. W.'s. this afternoon 16²⁷.

Aunt Ruth went to Boston the 10th & returned the 20th

When shall we three meet again

When shall we three meet again

When shall we three meet again

Of shall glowing hope inspire

Of shall we in love retire

Of shall death and sorrow reign

For we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh

Parched beneath a hostile sky

Though the deep between us roll

Friendship shall unite our souls.

And in fancy's wide domain

There we three shall meet again.

When our lurnished locks are grey

Thir'd by many a toil spent day

When around this youthful pine,

Moss shall creep and ivy twine

Long may this loved bower remain

Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled

When its wasted lamps are dead

When in cold oblivions shade

Beauty wealth and fame are laid

Where immortal spirits reign

There shall we three meet again.

44
Fare thee well, my much Brother
Thou art called from things below
Fare thee well and if forever,
Know thy Maker wills it so.

Death has called thee from thy kindred
Clasped thee in his cold embrace,
May angels hover round thee,
Make thee soon a child of grace.

See the lonely Father's anguish
Grief which none but he can feel
See the Mother pine and languish
With a heart that none can heal.

In an unexpected moment
Thou was called from earth away
Thou hast left the world behind thee
Now thou art mould'ring into clay.

By the endearing appellation,
Of a Brother, that I claim
Though we stand not in relation,
I'll revere the sacred name.

And call to mind those happy hours
Which with thee have passed away,
Ah! they were like fading flowers
That bloom and wither with the day.

I often think upon the roses
That bloomed so sweetly on thy cheek
And grieve to think that we are fated,
In this world no more to meet.

Adieu again, I'll strive to meet thee
In that world of bliss above
Where our hearts will join in praises
And our souls will meet with love.

On the death of Elizabeth Sisson Gardner

My darlings gone the Mother cries
My bosom bleeds but God is just
And it thus all mortals die
And thus commingle dust with dust

I was late I clasp'd my beautiful girl
Up to this fond throbbing breast
While beauty shone in every curl
And on her cheeks sat rosy health

Poverty's less victor in the strife
Could not such health such beauty save
Elys dear and precious life
And shield her from an early grave

The Mother's hope her pride her all
Are blasted in one fatal hour
She fondly thought to keep her girl
To rear that young and tender flower

To guide her in the path of truth
Direct that young elastic mind
To view the opening buds of youth
And see their leaves and flowers expand

But sublunary bliss is vain
Insufficient our pleasures here below
None are exempt from care and pain
Nor none elude their weight of woe

The spirit of thy child hath fled
To yonder bright and radiant sphere
Her body lies among the dead
And nature will extort her tears

Thou blessed and immortal shade
If to our orb thou canst draw near
Hover round thy Mother's head
And mitigate her sorrows here

Infuse a balm into that breast

Corroded by a cureless wound
And long bereaved of peace and rest
For husband children all are gone

And when her days on earth shall cease
Conduct her to that happy shore
Where crowned with an immortal wreath
Those kindred souls shall part no more

Mary O'Connell